

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

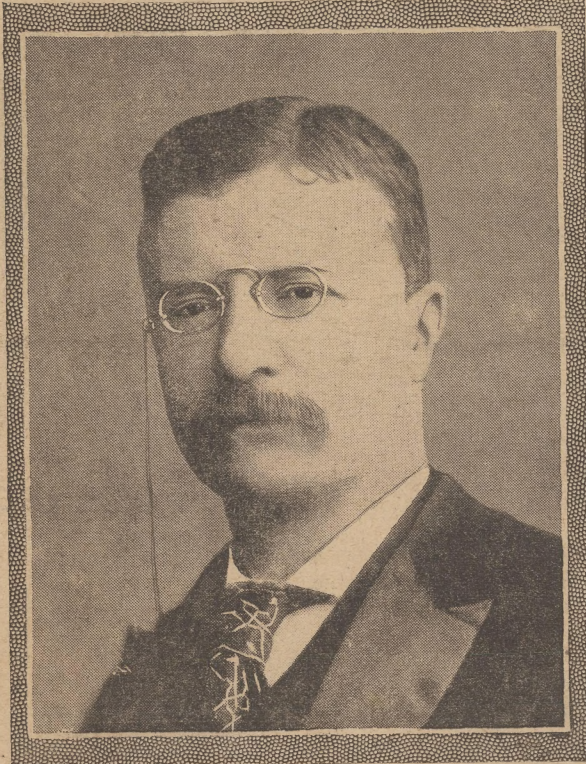
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MONDAY, JUNE 12, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

MR. ROOSEVELT, PEACEMAKER.



With true American enterprise and initiative, he has determined to end the war, and has proposed a peace conference to Japan and Russia. They have agreed to hold it.

THIS WEEK'S ROYAL WEDDING.



Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden and his fiancée, Princess Margaret of Connaught, who will be married on Thursday. The Prince left Stockholm on Saturday, and is due in London to-night. — (Copyright Rotary Company. Photograph by Reutlinger.)

A WET WHITSUNTIDE—LONDONERS OFF FOR THEIR HOLIDAYS IN THE RAIN.



Rain and depression were the principal points about Whit Saturday and Whit Sunday. Photograph shows the gloom that surrounded Victoria Station on Saturday. Departing holiday-makers were droopy and cheerless.

THE IDEAL HOLIDAY.

The
Ideal
Holiday.



Fine weather, pleasant surroundings and good company ensure the happiest of holidays. If among your refreshments some of Cantrell and Cochrane's Ginger Ale is included then call the holiday just ideal.

Thirst will not trouble you, heat will not worry you. With "the world's most wholesome beverage" your happiness will be complete. Nothing could be more gratifying to the palate; nothing could be more satisfying to thirst.

Cantrell & Cochrane's (BELFAST) Ginger Ale

is the perfection of summer drinks—cool, sparkling, pure and wholesome. Manufactured by the most cleanly process from the choicest ingredients and the purest of natural spring water, it has everything to recommend it.

The famous St. Patrick's Well and the Cromac Springs of Ireland supply the water—the purest natural water known. With a basis of such remarkable goodness, its superiority is obviously apparent. But to appreciate it fully, to realise what good Ginger Ale really is, you must try it.

Get some to-day. Two Kinds, "Dry Imperial" and "Aromatic." Try Both.

Obtainable at Harrod's, Whiteley's, all Stores, Wine Merchants, Grocers, etc., and at all good Hotels and Clubs, if asked for.

By Special
Appointment



to H.M. the King
and the
Imperial Houses
of Parliament.

A SAMPLE CASE FOR 2s. (case, bottles, and carriage free). A sample case containing 3 bottles of Dry Imperial and 3 bottles of Aromatic (6 bottles in all) for 2s. carriage paid. Send order with remittance (P.O. or cheque) to the London Agents, FINDLATER, MACKIE, TODD, & Co., Findlater's Corner, London Bridge, London, S.E.

Cantrell & Cochrane, Ltd., Awarded in Open Competition 32 Gold and
DUBLIN, BELFAST, GLASGOW, LONDON. Prize Medals for Superior Aerated Waters.
D. & H.

PEACE TERMS MAY BE ARRANGED.

**President Roosevelt Provides
for a Meeting of the
Hostile Powers.**

JAPAN'S DEMANDS.

**War Indemnity May Prove Fatal to
the World's Hopes.**

The efforts of President Roosevelt to bring about peace have been so far successful that representatives of Japan and Russia will meet to discuss terms.

Both sides are known to be anxious for an end of hostilities, and it remains to be seen whether Russia can accept the terms Japan is in a position to dictate.

The position is distinctly a hopeful one, though the fear remains that a disagreement may arise over the amount of the indemnity which Japan is certain to demand.

In Paris the opinion is held that Russia has no real intention of making peace, but has acceded to President Roosevelt's request in order to show that Japan's conditions are impossible.

An Exchange message from St. Petersburg says that Baron Rosen will be the Russian representative, and that the negotiations will be conducted at Washington.

ROOSEVELT'S MESSAGE.

**Direct Negotiations Between the Hostile
Powers Suggested.**

WASHINGTON, Saturday.—On the 8th inst. Mr. Roosevelt, through diplomatic channels, sent the following message to the Japanese and Russian Governments:—

"The President feels that the time has come when in the interests of all mankind he must endeavour to see if it is not possible to bring to an end this terrible and lamentable conflict.

"The United States is interested in both Japan and Russia by the ties of friendship and good will, and feels that the progress of the world is set back by a war between two great nations.

"The President urges the Russian and Japanese Governments, not only for their own sakes, but in the interest of the whole civilised world, to open direct negotiations for peace with one another.

"The President suggests peace negotiations directly and exclusively between the belligerents. In other words, a meeting of Japanese and Russian plenipotentiaries without intermediary, in order to see whether it is not possible for the two Powers to agree on terms of peace.—Reuter.

BOTH POWERS ACCEPT.

**Conference of Representatives Assured—Wash-
ington Named as the Meeting-Place.**

WASHINGTON, Saturday.—Both Russia and Japan have accepted the proposal conveyed in President Roosevelt's Note, and a meeting of the representatives of the two belligerent Powers is assured.

It is regarded as probable that Washington, which is less open to outside influences than Paris, will be selected as the place of meeting of the plenipotentiaries of the two countries.

According to information from a diplomatic source Baron Rosen, who was Russian Minister at Tokio before the war, is likely to be selected as the representative of Russia in the forthcoming negotiations.—Reuter.

ARMISTICE AT HAND.

WASHINGTON, Saturday Night.—It is expected in official circles here that the next move in the efforts to bring about peace between Russia and Japan will be a request for an armistice, as it is not thought probable that hostilities will continue after plenipotentiaries have been named to arrange peace terms. The belief is expressed here that both belligerents

had already desisted from further aggressive movements even before President Roosevelt's suggestion had been accepted.—Reuter.

PRESIDENT AT THE WHITE HOUSE.
WASHINGTON, Sunday.—President Roosevelt returns to Washington to-night. It is believed that should there be an unqualified acceptance an armistice will be immediately arranged.—Exchange.

PARIS SCEPTICAL.

**Doubts of Russia's Genuine Desire to End
the War.**

PARIS, Sunday.—The "Figaro" considers that peace is certain and near at hand.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Echo de Paris," however, states that those in well-informed circles in Russia are sceptical as to the probability of peace being declared in the near future, and the opinion is expressed that the Tsar has merely accepted President Roosevelt's mediation in order to ascertain the nature of Japan's pretensions.

The "Matin's" St. Petersburg correspondent states that it is considered in the Russian capital that peace is not officially desired, and that pourparlers have been agreed to with the object of proving that the conditions which Japan will put forward are not acceptable.—Exchange.

VISCOUNT HAYASHI'S RESERVE.

The Japanese Minister in London declines to say anything on the subject of the news from Washington.

Legation officials were very busy transmitting to Japanese Legations in other quarters a communication received from Tokio, and there is no doubt that official confirmation of the reports has come to hand.

TORTURES OF TANTALUS.

**Father Binds His Half-Starved Children and
Flaunts Food Before Their Eyes.**

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Saturday.—A shocking case of cruelty to children has just been revealed. Franz Sholz, a mechanic with three children, married a widow with one child.

The woman's child was petted, but his stepsisters were subjected to brutal treatment by both the man and woman.

They were half-starved, and when they were hungry their father would place food before them and then tie their hands behind their backs.

A thick stick was used to beat them, and one of the girls was discovered with forty wounds on her body.

To the general disgust the father succeeded in his appeal against sentence of a month's imprisonment and his inhuman wife escaped with seven days.

WOMAN IN FROCK-COAT.

**Charming French Lady Explorer Who Has
Adopted Masculine Attire.**

Mme. Dieulafoy, the well-known French traveller, left Victoria for France on Saturday, thus terminating a short visit to London.

No one would have suspected her identity, for, sharing the permission of the French Government enjoyed by Mlle. Rosa Bonheur to wear what clothing she likes, she appeared in masculine attire, and looked extremely well in her smartly-cut frock-coat and her silk hat.

Mme. Dieulafoy, whose husband is a French deputy, says she first determined to discard feminine costume in Persia.

Fifteen years ago M. Dieulafoy was commissioned by the French Government to search for the fragments of the court of Darius, and his wife industriously aided him to dig and delve in the hot sand.

She found her womanly clothing burdensome, and, deciding that trousers and coats were more suitable to her task, acted accordingly.

FORGETFUL SHAH.

Shopkeepers in Paris do not quite know whether to be pleased at the prospect of a visit from the Shah of Persia, for, like many other people, he is fond of buying things and not paying for them, and, in his case, payment cannot be enforced.

Not always is the honour of his patronage considered to pass in lieu of payment.

MISHAP TO LADY MOTORIST.

PARIS, Saturday.—This morning a motor-car belonging to Mr. Cordingley, of London, was travelling at a high rate of speed near Gap when it swerved, struck against a tree, and capsized.

Mrs. Cordingley was thrown out and seriously injured on the head.—Central News.

RAISING OF A8.

**Futile Attempt to Recover the Sunken
Submarine.**

An attempt was made on Saturday to raise the sunken submarine, A8. In spite of the most favourable weather conditions, it ended in failure.

Chains and hawsers had been passed by divers under the sunken hull. These were made fast to two lighters at low tide.

It was expected that the rising tide, as it lifted the lighters on its bosom, would also lift the submerged vessel from the bottom.

Tugs were held in readiness, so that lighters and submarine together could be towed into dock.

At first it appeared that all was going well. The straining chains and hawsers lifted the dead weight of the inert A8 from the bottom, and the tugs made ready to perform their share of the work.

It was not to be. The weight of the submerged vessel on the lighters to cant over towards one another, and the slackened supports once more allowed the dead weight to touch bottom.

The attempt was consequently abandoned until fresh arrangements can be perfected.

At Plymouth parish church and at the dockyard church impressive services were held yesterday.

The inquest on Seaman Cusick, opened on Saturday afternoon, was adjourned after evidence of identification had been taken.

WELCOME VISITOR.

**Mr. Choate Assures Lord Roberts of a Warm
Greeting in America.**

NEW YORK, Saturday.—Addressing the company at the Pilgrims' Club last night, Mr. Choate said he felt sure every man, woman, and child in Great Britain was friendly to the United States and determined to be on good terms with them. "There is," he added, "another factor exercising a strong influence in the cordial relations of the two countries—I mean the happy and earnest influence of the King."

He then went on to announce that Lord Roberts would visit the United States in October, saying that never would a foreigner step on the shores of the United States who would be better welcomed than Field-Marshal Roberts.

At the conclusion of his speech one of the guests offered \$1,000 towards a fund to establish a home for the Embassy in London.—Reuter.

MME. REJANE'S PLANS.

**Promises Two London Seasons with Plays
That Will Not Shock "Grandma."**

"Yes, I shall very possibly extend my season another week, as business is so good," said Mme. Réjane in an interview on Saturday.

"I shall spend a week here shopping and sight-seeing. Then I return to France to rest in my own country house till September.

"I hope to have in September or October a three months' season in London, at which theatre is not yet decided. My intention is to have each year two seasons here, three months in the autumn and three or four months in the spring and early summer. I have had proposals to build me a theatre, but that would not be for this year."

"Will you produce any pieces suitable for young ladies' schools?"

"Yes; special family matinées, where the 'young person' can safely take her grandma."

TREATY WITH AUSTRIA.

The Foreign Office on Saturday issued the text of a convention concluded between the United Kingdom and Austria-Hungary, in London, on January 11 last, and ratified on May 17 last, for the settlement by arbitration of certain classes of questions which may arise between the two countries.

The text of the convention is similar to that of the arbitration treaties concluded between this country and other Continental Powers.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The municipal council of Brest has voted 45,000 for the Anglo-French festivities on the occasion of the naval visit.

A general lock-out of the iron and other metal workers throughout Sweden has begun, affecting 17,000 men in 100 factories.—Reuter.

According to a Reuter message from Manila, Enrique Daguhob, the leader of the insurrection in Samar has been killed, with thirty-nine followers.

Earl Spencer, in the uniform of honorary colonel of the Northamptonshire Imperial Yeomanry, read the lessons at Great Brington Church yesterday at a church parade of the regiment.

COMING OF THE ROYAL BRIDEGROOM.

**Prince Gustavus Adolphus, with His
Brother and Uncle, Due in
London To-night.**

WEDDING ARRANGEMENTS

In glorious weather, our Stockholm correspondent informs us, Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, started on his wedding journey on Saturday evening.

It is to be hoped that when the royal bridegroom with his brother, Prince Wilhelm, and his uncle, Prince Eugen, arrive at Victoria Station at 7.15 this evening, they will find equally glorious weather awaiting them.

All Stockholm turned out to wish the young Prince happiness on his departure. Among many pleasant incidents was one peculiarly touching. A great multitude of people had assembled outside the palace, if possible to catch a glimpse of Prince Gustavus. The King, hearing the cheering, came out on the balcony, followed by his son. The people cheered again and again, and, smiling, the King drew the Prince to him and embraced him.

Meanwhile at Windsor and elsewhere the lavish preparations for the royal wedding are almost complete. The beautiful tressouze of Princess Margaret, with the wedding-gown and its priceless lace, which is fully described on page 13 of to-day's *Daily Mirror*, has been delivered, and the Princess herself, is already far advanced towards proficiency in the language of her future husband.

The actual festivities in connection with the marriage will commence to-morrow, when the King and Queen will welcome the guests to Windsor. On Wednesday there will be a grand garden-party, which will be attended by about 6,000 people. In the evening a banquet will be held in St. George's Hall.

Among the notable foreign guests arriving to-day is the Khedive of Egypt, whose magnificent present was among those described in the *Daily Mirror* on Saturday.

FAREWELL, ALFONSO!

**Cordial Leave-takings Mark the King of
Spain's Departure.**

Meanwhile, England has been speeding the parting guest.

On Saturday King Alfonso left London for Dover on his homeward journey by the 10.15 train from Victoria.

Her Majesty the Queen and Princess Victoria took leave of him at the grand entrance of Buckingham Palace.

The King, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught, bade farewell to the Spanish monarch at the railway station.

King Alfonso was in civilian dress, wearing a dark grey overcoat and a silk cravat, and in excellent spirits, as usual, and chatted and laughed upon the railway platform until the very moment fixed for the departure of the train.

Then, accompanied by King Edward, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Connaught, he entered the royal saloon.

The leave-takings, which were made with every expression of mutual regard, took place in the semi-privacy of the royal carriage.

As the train moved out the company on the platform raised their hats in salute, the departing guest waving his hand from the train window until he passed out of sight.

At Dover the smart new turbine steamer *Onward*, chartered as a royal special, was gayly decorated with flowers and bunting for the journey.

The sea was beautifully calm, and a pleasant and rapid crossing was effected. Calais was reached at 1.35, and the King was received by the civil and naval authorities.

He left Calais at three o'clock by special train, which passed through Amiens shortly after five p.m.

FROM KING TO KING.

Before leaving Calais King Alfonso dispatched the following telegram of thanks, in French, to King Edward:—

"To His Majesty the King,

"Buckingham Palace,

"London,

"June 10, 1905.

"Je te remercie cordialement pour l'affectueux hospitalité que tu m'as offerte et pour le touchant accueil que j'ai trouvé partout, et dont j'emporte le plus charmant et reconnaissant souvenir."

(Signed) ALFONSO.

The following is a translation of the message:—"I thank you cordially for the affectionate hospitality which you have offered to me, and for the touching reception which I have found everywhere, and of which I carry away the most charming and grateful remembrance."

IRVING OVATION.

Sir Henry Outlines Itinerary in Provinces and America.

"Good-bye," said Sir Henry Irving to Drury Lane on Saturday night. "No, no," roared the gallery, "not good-bye."

"Then I will say good-night," said the old actor, with that rare and winsome smile which playgoers know so well.

With unparalleled enthusiasm the house, catching the significance of the phrase, rose at the old actor's word, crying, "God bless you," "You'll come back to us again, sir."

All through the evening they cheered him, roaring "Irving! Irving!" at the fall of each curtain. Now they stood in silence, punctuated by cheers, to hear the world's greatest actor voicing his thanks and promise of yet another season in London.

Future Plans.

Briefly he told them his plans—a rest, a provincial tour, an American tour in January, and then, in April, another visit to Drury Lane.

After the cheering audience had gone, and the lights in the theatre were out, Sir Henry received on the stage a loving cup subscribed by the members of the Association of Theatrical Employes.

Included among the towns he will visit this autumn are Leicester, Portsmouth, Dublin, Leeds, Newcastle, and Glasgow.

Those who saw him on Saturday as Sergeant Brewster in "Waterloo" and Becket in Tennyson's noble play might well marvel at the power with which he played and the wonderful sympathy he compelled in his audience. In two years he will reach his seventieth year; he has held the boards for nearly half a century.

FIVE WEEKS ASLEEP.

Fight Against Spotted Fever Leads to a Pittsburg Doctor's Death.

An extraordinary case of the effect of mental strain, combined with physical over-work, is reported from Pittsburg, U.S.A.

Dr. Fischer, a well-known physician of the city, has just died, after five weeks of almost incessant sleeping.

During this period he sometimes remained apparently dead for as long as seven days at a time. Then for a short time he would display signs of life, but would quickly relapse again into a moribund condition. Finally he died.

Before this attack Dr. Fischer had worked incessantly for weeks trying to check the spread of the dreaded spotted fever. The physical and mental exhaustion consequent on his efforts is supposed to have caused his strange death.

PASSOVER BRANDY.

Hebrew Festival Leads to Illicit Traffic in Spirits and Wine.

The Feast of the Passover came into curious juxtaposition with the Commissioners of the Inland Revenue at the Thames Police Court on Saturday.

Prosecuting, on behalf of the latter, several persons for selling spirits without a licence, Mr. Hawkins explained to the Court that it was customary, before the Passover, for Hebrews to provide themselves with spirits and wine.

In consequence of many complaints as to the unauthorised sale of alcoholic liquors, Joseph Gordon, of Charles-street, Fitzroy-square, who was frequently employed by Mr. J. B. Davies, preventive inspector, was sent to the shop of Hyman Cohen, grocer, Fordham-street, Commercial-road, and supplied with grocery, cherry brandy, Russian spirit, and three bottles of wine.

Mr. Dickinson fined defendant £20 with £2 6s. costs.

DESERTED THEIR SHIP.

Captain and Six Men Left to Bring Damaged Vessel Safely to Port.

The Greek steamer Vaglianos, bound from Newport to the Piræus with a cargo of coal, stopped on the Monkstone Rock, near Cardiff, early on Saturday morning.

Nineteen of the crew made off in three boats and landed at Barry, where they reported that the vessel had foundered, the water rushing in through a large hole in her side.

This was not true, however, for the captain and six men stuck to the ship, and by signals of distress attracted the attention of two tugs, which towed the Vaglianos to Newport, where she was beached in the mud.

TRIED TO WALK ON THAMES MUD.

A man in the uniform of the Lancashire Militia was observed to be vainly attempting to walk across the mud flats under the Victoria Embankment on Saturday afternoon.

His uniform covered with mud, and presenting a pitiable sight, he was rescued and taken care of by two policemen.

WHITSUN WEATHER—HOPES AND FEARS.

Prophets Take a Cheerful View After Saturday's Thunder, Lightning, and Rain.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER PROSPECTS.

South and East (including London): Variable; some rain and thunder in places.

West and North: Fair.

One certainty about the weather contains a grain of holiday comfort.

After the heavy rains of last week and Saturday's deluge, there is so much less rain to fall. The vessels of the air may have discharged all their liquid cargo; and may not re-load again to-day.

It is also cheering to learn that the experts believe there will be a slight improvement during the next twenty-four hours, though the prospect cannot, at the best, be described as rosy.

In spite of the unpromising state of the weather, millions of holiday-makers will be anxiously asking "Where shall we go?" this morning.

Whether it rain or shine there will be amusement for all. The railways have made arrangements for dealing with an exceptional rush, as they know that thousands who were kept at home by Saturday's rain may leave for the seaside to-day.

In town, theatres, exhibitions, and other places of entertainment are all ready to welcome the more cautious holiday-makers who elect to stay in London.

For those who prefer to be under cover there are the Hippodrome, with a special programme in which the pygmies from Central Africa take a prominent part, the Italian Circus, with its famous bear, Mme. Batavia, and the baby elephant, Jumbo junior, to divert the children by their tricks. Mme. Tussaud's shows Admiral Togo among its many other celebrities in wax, and the gigantic skeleton of the diplodocus will, doubtless, attract thousands to the South Kensington Museum. At Earl's Court there is the Naval Exhibition, and a Highland sports gathering will be held at Stamford Bridge.

Seldom has a holiday opened with such unpleasant weather as that London experienced on Saturday. Just as the majority of holiday-makers were preparing to leave town, down came a veritable deluge.

Inch of Rain.

Nearly an inch of water fell in the twenty-four hours ended at 8 a.m. yesterday, and the down-fall was accompanied by a vivid thunderstorm, which only needed darkness to have afforded a brilliant spectacle.

Lightning struck the chimney of a house in Highgate, and a quantity of brickwork was thrown into the roadway, fortunately without injuring anyone.

Many unhappy people who were out on the river felt the full fury of the storm, and some boats at Maidenhead were nearly swamped.

Whitsuntide Snow.

A few hours before there was a slight fall of snow in the Huntingdon district.

By contrast, at many seaside resorts the weather was all that could be desired, and thousands who were fortunate enough to get away from town enjoyed themselves to the full.

At Hastings, Folkestone, Eastbourne, Bournemouth, and other places along the South Coast there was brilliant sunshine. Margate, Scarborough, and several towns along the East Coast reported "sunshine and no rain."

HOLIDAY ACCIDENTS.

The list of holiday fatalities is unusually light, probably owing to the fact that the bad weather kept so many people at home, but there are unfortunately two fatalities to be recorded.

After the Cambridge summer eight-oared races the crowded ferry, which was crossing the river at Diving (Cambs.), overturned, and some thirty men and women were thrown into the water.

Amid scenes of great excitement most of them were rescued, but when the boat, which was floating bottom upwards, was righted, the body of a young woman was found underneath.

Her fiancée and her sister were both in the boat, and they witnessed the recovery of the body.

It is feared that other bodies are in the river, and search-parties are at work.

At Hoyle Bar, near Camborne, Cornwall, four young men went out in a sailing-boat on Saturday.

ARMY OF CHILD VIOLINISTS.

Seven hundred tiny violinists—boys and girls—sat perched upon the huge Handel orchestra at the Crystal Palace on Saturday afternoon, and gave an orchestral concert.

They came from forty elementary schools in London and the suburbs. These schools, along with 2,000 more in England and Wales, have violin classes attached to them as a voluntary institution on the part of the teachers. They played well, and gave a warm reception to little Florizel von Reuter, who played two solos.

A sudden gust of wind overturned it, and all four were thrown into the water.

Two were rescued with great difficulty, but Mr. R. Williamson and Mr. H. Jewell were drowned.

During the carnival at Kingston-on-Thames two horses were drowned by an extraordinary accident. A lifeboat was being launched in the river scene entitled "A Ship in Distress," when the wheels of the carriage became locked, and the heavy boat slid down the river bank, dragging the two horses into the water, where, despite all efforts to rescue them, they were drowned.

RAILWAYS ALL READY.

"We have made arrangements to carry half London away to-morrow," said an official of the Great Northern, yesterday, with a mild exaggeration.

If the weather shows signs of improvement thousands will travel to Hatfield, Peterborough, and Mablethorpe. It is estimated, moreover, that between 7 a.m. and 12 noon trains will run into King's Cross Station every three minutes.

Should the weather prove unkind, however, ample preparations are being made to convey the disappointed long-distance travellers to Alexandra Palace.

Five specials have been engaged to convey the Church Lads' Brigade down to Hatfield.

Despite the rain of Saturday, a huge crowd went down to Yarmouth and Cromer.

Southend will receive a vast number of Londoners to-day, no fewer than fourteen specials starting from St. Pancras alone for that destination.

Bedford offers a popular attraction in the form of a gala, and both Luton and St. Albans will be visited by many.

The horse show at Watford and sports at St. Albans offer a great attraction, and specials are being run from Euston in connection with them. Dunstable and Woburn Sands are also the goals of London and North-Western excursions.

Special interest will be felt in Sherborne during the next three days since the great historic pageant enacted by 800 actors will be presented there. Many will leave Waterloo by the 8.50 to view this striking spectacle.

From the same station special day excursions are running to Wimborne, Weymouth, Southampton, and the Isle of Wight.

Victoria will send forth its thousands to Brighton, Eastbourne, and Hastings.

The opening of the Walmer Castle grounds to the public to-day will doubtless attract many to travel by the South-Eastern Railway to view the historic residence of so many of England's greatest men.

Liverpool-street will flood Clacton, Yarmouth, and Harwich with visitors.

The Great Western Railway have arranged specials for Stratford-on-Avon, Bristol, Bath, Weymouth, and the various river resorts. All now depends on the weather, and at present there seems to be just a slight chance of improvement.

An invigorating blow may be had on board the New Palace steamers. They are running to-day to Southend, Margate, Ramsgate, Deal, and Dover.

AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

At the Crystal Palace there will be a continuous round of entertainment from morning until the firework exhibition. The pipers of the Scots Guards and the band of the Coldstreams will be there. The Tradesmen's Horse Show will be a novel feature, and other attractions include the Somali village, a balloon ascent, and a meeting of the Blackheath Harriers.

At Wembley Park there will be long variety entertainments, the Finchley Harriers' sports, a water polo match, public dancing, and a grand firework display.

At the Alexandra Palace twelve hours' continuous amusement will be provided, including a balloon ascent, firework display, and two theatrical performances. Rosherville Gardens will also provide a popular series of entertainments.

The grand cart-horse parade opens in Regent's Park at 8 a.m. To-day's show will be unusually attractive, over a thousand entries having been received.

Filey will provide a series of automobile races on the sands, and at Cambridge and Manchester there will be important lawn tennis matches.

BEGGAR'S QUAIN APPEAL.

The following note was found on a man who was sentenced at Acton on Saturday to fourteen days' hard labour for begging:—

"Please Can I Give you A Piece of Bread, Because you Have Got No Mother And Father And Like Wise NO home to Go to."

No fewer than 201 barristers have applied for the post of stipendiary magistrate for the City of Birmingham in succession to Mr. T. M. Colmore.

WORKLESS LEGION.

Leicester Marchers' Laborious Week-End in London.

Like King Alfonso, the Leicester unemployed, who have spent the week-end in London, will be able to tell their friends that everything in the metropolis was very pleasant—except the weather.

They did not see King Edward certainly, but doubtless his Majesty knew of their desire, and that had to be sufficient.

In other respects they fulfilled their mission. They marched to Hyde Park, and held a meeting in a downpour of rain.

So they contented themselves with gazing upon the seats of the lesser mighty in Park-lane and other places. They slept in a hall near St. Pancras upon straw, and were yesterday entertained by Mr. Carille at the King's Labour Tents in Aldwych to dinner and tea.

Visit to St. Paul's.

In the morning St. Paul's opened its doors to them, and they attended service. Trafalgar-square was visited in the afternoon, and they listened with upturned faces to Mr. Ramsey MacDonald, Mr. Sheriff, their own chaplain, the Rev. F. Lewis Donaldson, and other speakers. Impassioned orations were made concerning the cause and the men, and they applauded vigorously at proper intervals.

In the evening the men rested pleasantly in the quiet gloom of the Abbey at Westminster, and followed with just appreciation the service.

Then, slightly tired, not sorry to be turning homewards in the morning, the 437 sought their straw pallets again.

To-day they gather on Hampstead Heath for a farewell meeting, and then take the road for Leicester at twelve o'clock.

INCREASE IN SUICIDES.

Many More Men Than Women Take Their Own Lives in Despair.

Suicides are on the increase in London. Dr. Wynn Westcott, the coroner for the north-eastern district of the metropolis, stated in an interview that the men outnumber the women almost three to one.

Of the 192 men and women who fell victims to their own hand in North-East London, alcoholic excess and debauchery accounted for forty-six, and of this total thirty-six were males.

Business failure and money losses unhinged the minds of many honest tradesmen.

The gentler sex are mostly affected by passions, love and jealousy, seven in fifty-three women taking their lives from one or other of these causes, while only three men in 139 are victims under the same category.

Child suicide is on the increase, the result of too much school work; and it is a curious fact that soldiers and sailors destroy themselves more frequently than civilians.

REBELLIOUS APPRENTICES.

Held Up Masters' Machinery Because Good Conduct Money Was Stopped.

Because their "conduct-money" was stopped in consequence of their staying out late on the occasion of the King of Spain's visit to the City, six boys, printer's apprentices, cut a leather machine belt in order to hinder the working of the machinery at the premises of their employers, Richard Clay and Sons, printers, of Bread-street-hill.

The manager of the firm asked the Guildhall magistrate to deal leniently with the boys, so they were fined 5s. each and 7s. 6d. costs.

FOR - -

Holiday Reading

BUY THE
OUT-OF-DOORS

London
Magazine.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

ROMANCE OF A MOOR'S TWO WIVES.

English Girl-Wife Willing To Rejoin Her Husband.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Four years ago the marriage of a Moor named Ben Belkassen to a young Scottish girl created widespread interest in Scotland, and especially in Glasgow, where the bride lived.

Later the romantic affair was revived by the polygamistic Moor also marrying a Salford girl, Clara Casey, who went to Morocco with him.

The English girl-wife has now returned to this country, after an alleged disagreement with her husband. She says she will return to him when he comes to England.

"My husband, Mohammed Ben Belkassen, is an acrobat," said Miss Casey to the *Daily Mirror*. "I have known him since we were children."

"We grew fond of each other, and it ended in my wishing to see his country. We were married in the mosque at Liverpool, the documents being partly in English and partly Arabic. At Tangier we were very happy together. Our house was furnished in the English style."

"It is not true that my husband kept a harem. It is true there was another wife, whom, however, he believed was dead. But we two lived alone and were quite devoted to each other."

"My husband was always very kind to me. But one day a trifling dispute arose. It was entirely my fault."

"I insisted on having my way against my husband's wish, and I spoke angrily."

"My husband is a very hot-tempered man, and he struck me."

"On the impulse of the moment I wrote home to my people saying I was unhappy. It ended in the Consul seeing my husband, who became furious and drew his revolver. For this he is now in prison."

"Then arrangements were made for me to be sent home."

The Scotch lassie whom Mohammed Ben Belkassen, the Moor, married and then abandoned to marry Clara Casey, is at home with her parents in Glasgow.

In the course of an interview she told the *Daily Mirror* that it was four years ago that she met the dusky Moor at Glasgow Exhibition.

Fascinating Black Eyes.

A common friend introduced them, and the raven locks and black eyes of the Arab did the rest. It was a case of love at first sight. Belkassen approached the girl's parents, but found them obdurate. Their Presbyterian principles could not agree to a marriage with an infidel.

But the pair eloped to Morcambe, where Abdullah's Arab, christened Mohammed Ben Belkassen, "Bradford-by-the-Sea." When they had been a sufficient time in the country to satisfy the law they repaired to a quaint Lancaster town, and were married before the registrar.

In November of the following year the young wife returned to her parents, where she gave birth to a son, christened Mohammed Ben Belkassen. The child only lived for nine months.

Mrs. Belkassen, who is a tall, handsome brunette, with an engaging manner, and is barely twenty-two years of age, rejoined her husband at Brighton, and they toured on the Continent.

She next gave birth to a girl, since christened Azzina Pickard Belkassen, who will be two years next August.

Taxed with Second Marriage.

"Recently," she said, "my husband visited me in Glasgow, and I then taxed him with this marriage, but he denied it, and said it was another member of the troupe who had married the girl. Before he left he said he was going to return to Glasgow and start in business."

"He went to Manchester on the following day, and wrote me from there saying that he was going to his home in Morocco, and asking me to pack up and go with him."

"I afterwards heard that he had gone to Morocco, taking the girl Casey with him."

PUBLIC ACT OF PENITENCE.

"This is to give notice that we, the undersigned, deeply regret that we did not, on the evening of May 19, 1905, throw stones at the occupants of a boat whilst on Cawsand Beach, thereby inflicting personal injury to Mr. C. T. Knight, of Devonport. We hereby cause this notice to be published as a warning to others, and also as a promise to obtain from similar bad practice in the future."

This extraordinary notice is posted up all over Cawsand.

The magistrate ordered it at the expense of the parents of the three young culprits.

Joshua Daniel, a tramp arrested on a charge of arson, told the Bodmin (Cornwall) magistrate on Saturday that he set fire to a haystack at St. Study because his clothes were wet and he wanted to dry them.

POSTCARD MANIA.

Thousands Hoarded by a Victim of the Collecting Craze.

A most curious case of a craze for postcards occupied the attention of the Marlborough Street magistrate on Saturday, when Paul Chauveau, twenty-three, jeweller, of Hanover-gardens, Kensington, was charged with the theft of thirty-eight picture postcards, worth 8s., from the shop of Richard Willis, Green-street, Leicester-square.

Chauveau, it was stated, entered the shop on Friday attired in evening dress, and selected two picture cards, for which he paid, and, it is alleged, pocketed a number of others.

Detective-sergeant Vanner stated that in a drawer in prisoner's bed-room he found about 5,000 of these picture postcards.

For the defence Mr. Horwood urged that the young man was a victim to the postcard collecting craze, and when he went to purchase a few cards he was so fascinated by them that he had to take more than his money's worth. He hoarded them up, making no use of them, and not turning them into money, in an inconceivable way.—Remanded.

JOURNALIST POISONED.

Disappeared from Cornwall and Found Dead in a London Hotel.

A journalist named John Whitaker, of Liskeard, Cornwall, has had a sad end. He was found on Saturday lying dead in bed at the Waverley Hotel, Euston-road. Beside the body was a bottle containing carbolic acid.

When he took a room on Friday he stated that he had made a long journey from Plymouth. As he did not come down in the morning, his room was entered.

In his possession were banknotes, gold and silver amounting to £30, and a gold watch bearing an inscription which showed that it had been presented to him in South Africa.

Mr. Whitaker had been missing from Liskeard since Tuesday. He was formerly employed on the staffs of the "Barnes Independent," the "Cape Times," and the "Transvaal Leader."

INHUMAN MOTHER.

Sentence of Hard Labour for Persistent Abominable Cruelty.

A sad case of a mother's brutality came to light at the Thames Police Court on Saturday, when Jane Church, of Dumber-cottages, Poplar, was charged with neglect and cruelty to her children. The four little ones, ages varying from nine months to ten years, were found by a police constable, whom a neighbour had called in, to be suffering from cuts, bruises, black eyes, and other effects of their mother's drunken fury.

She was in the room when the constable was called, and showed the most cynical indifference as to the state of the children.

Six months in prison is the richly-deserved penalty of her cruelty.

A SEASONABLE BOOK.

The "How" and "Where" of a Holiday Made Pleasant Whatever the Weather.

The *Daily Mirror* Holiday Resort Guide is one of the newest and best publications on the bookstalls.

It will commend itself to all readers, especially at this season, as it is just the right book at the right time. It is crammed with information of great value to the holiday-seeker—it tells where to go, how to get there, where to stay, in a concise and simple way. The climate of each resort is given, whether sands, rocks or river, state of roads for cyclist and motorist, golf, fishing—even the question of mixed or family bathing has not been forgotten. It gives, besides many other features, a list of the best apartments and hotels, local cab fares, and an admirable map.

Bound in an attractive cover, it is a book of about eighty pages, with some interesting illustrations. The price of this excellent publication is only threepence, at all bookstalls, and it should prove a veritable boon to many of our readers.

CAPTURED BY LADY AND MAID.

A maid in the employ of Miss Jane Kerr, a West Kensington lady, found William Marshall, a young flower-seller, in her bedroom.

She aroused her mistress, and Marshall decamped, but both women pursued and captured him. At West London Police Court on Saturday he was committed for trial.

CURIOUS CHAPTERS OF BIGAMY.

When John Simpson, signwriter, of Manor Park, was charged with bigamy at the Clerkenwell Police Court on Saturday, it was stated that he gave himself up for this particular offence in 1901.

Then, however, he was discharged, because witnesses failed to appear.

FELL FIFTY FEET.

"New Blondin's" Terrible Fate Before a Holiday Crowd.

FESTIVAL CONTINUES.

A lamentable accident at a Hastings fête on Saturday led to the death of Ernest Davidson, an American walker on the tight rope.

Davidson, who styled himself the "New Blondin," was giving an exhibition on a wire rope stretched fifty feet above the Hastings cricket ground.

He mounted the platform with the most supreme confidence, and displayed all his customary skill in performing the initial part of his exhibition.

The dizzy height and the stiff breeze blowing did not seem to affect him in the least. The ease and grace with which he balanced on one foot moved the crowd to something like enthusiasm, and he acknowledged the applause with a smile of pleasure. No one was prepared for what followed.

Part of his performance consisted in lying down on the rope, and having done this he seemed to lose his balance in the act of rising to his feet.

For a breathless second or two the horrified spectators watched his frantic efforts to regain his equilibrium.

Indent in the Earth.

"He's gone," cried half a dozen men in the crowd, and the next instant he lay dead with a last despairing clutch at the rope Davidson fell.

He struck the ground with a sickening crash, and lay there motionless.

Among those who rushed forward to assist him was Dr. Cooke, who at once pronounced life to be extinct. The unfortunate man had fallen upon his head, which made an indent in the earth several inches deep.

The terrible occurrence cast a temporary gloom over the fête, and for a time all amusements were suspended while the affair was discussed.

But the lifeless body of the athlete was quickly removed to the mortuary, and within half an hour the cricket match was resumed and the sound of amusements proceeded. Only the thin strand of wire, shivering in the breeze, remained as a mute witness of the tragedy just enacted.

Davidson was a finely-made man, about forty years of age, who had been performing on the tight rope for nearly twenty years. He was considered one of the safest men in the profession, and is said never before to have met with an accident of any kind.

PUGILIST'S RICH BRIDE.

"Kid McCoy" Said To Be Engaged to American Millionaire's Widow.

Norman Selby, better known as "Kid McCoy," the American pugilist, is said to be engaged to marry Mrs. Estelle Ellis, the millionaire widow of a grandson of the famous American locomotive-builder.

The forthcoming wedding is the outcome of a romantic attachment. It will be McCoy's third marriage. Mrs. Ellis was the schoolmate of the pugilist's last wife.

She is the owner of yachts, automobiles, and several fine country places.

It is stated that McCoy's last marriage with a Miss Arnold had been a mock marriage and that the principals had agreed to an annulment.

"Kid McCoy" will lead Mrs. Ellis to the altar directly she recovers from an illness which is keeping her confined to her rooms at her hotel.

MUSHROOMS IN A MILL.

Fine Specimens Sprout Up Between the Flagstones.

Large table mushrooms appear periodically between the stone flags which a cotton-mill at Nelson, near Burnley, is paved.

The mill is comparatively a new one, and the site on which it stands was once a meadow famous for its production of mushrooms.

One of the flags, which is directly underneath a loom, has been lifted several inches by the fungi, and now rests on side supports.

The darkened space underneath is a prolific mushroom bed. During the past winter the weavers have gathered specimens weighing as much as one pound from this curious forcing ground.

STOLE WHILE STARVING.

Amelia Riches, a young widow, was charged at Marylebone Police Court on Saturday with stealing a nightshirt belonging to the proprietor of the Heath Laundry Company, where she was an ironer.

Earning 8s. 10d. a week, she paid 5s. for a furnished room, and had to support a family of small children on the balance. Food was procured for her at the court, as she had had none during the day.

"EDGAR THE EAGLE."

Abortive Attempt To Fly from Westminster Bridge.

With callous indifference to the advance of science, the Metropolitan Police stopped "Edgar the Eagle," the Pimlico aeronaut, from taking flight from the parapet of Westminster Bridge at daybreak on Saturday morning.

The police congratulated themselves upon saving his life, but that is not the view of "Edgar the Eagle," who says they only postponed the day of his triumph.

The aeronaut is not, strictly speaking, a flying-machinist. His invention is in the form of a bird, with great white cambric wings that measure 23ft. from tip to tip. Poised for flight he looked like an arch-eagle.

After the manner of the swallow he was about to "drop" into the air—with no thought of the water—when the silent-shoed police slithered up and laid him by the heels.

His interrupters numbered an inspector, two sergeants, and five constables, together with the crews of one Thames Police steam pinnace and two boats.

With philosophical fortitude the ingenious young aeronaut folded his wings into a box and returned to the raft, where he had made his preparations.

Later in the day he was regaling customers with milk in the streets of Pimlico, such being his calling in life.

All day he mourned the ill-success of his effort, and in the evening is said to have rent his apparatus in a fit of despair.

Mr. Wilson informs us that he intends to go to work at once upon an improved machine, for which he will require a 5-h.p. motor of the Barry rotary type.

"SWAMI" AS PREACHER.

Friend of Kitty Byron, and Said To Be an Influence for Good.

The notorious "Swami," who was sentenced about four years ago on charges in regard to one of the most sensational and disgraceful scandals of modern times, has assumed a new character in Aylesbury Gaol, where she is imprisoned.

She has turned a preacher, and is said to discourage to her fellow-convicts on "The Righteous Life." Her influence for good over her fellow-prisoners is said to be remarkable.

She is now known there as "the Queen," and has conceived a strong friendship for Kitty Byron, the girl who was sentenced to death for the murder of Reginald Baker, a stockbroker, by stabbing him in Post Office-court, Lombard-street, and reprieved. Both women are experts at dressmaking, and they were placed in charge of this department. They are in charge of it now. They sit together at church every morning, share one hymn-book, and sing together.

Swami is petitioning for release. In her plea she contends that the sentence of seven years was an unjustly heavy one. She also pleads ill-health. At one period of her illness last year she was practically at death's door.

CHURCHBREAKERS AT TEN.

Two Children's Extraordinary Record of Sacrilege and Theft.

A very bad account of Ernest Hayward, aged ten, of East Ham, was given at Stratford on Saturday when he, in company with Frank Chamberlain, aged nine, was charged with stealing from a Manor Park beer-house keeper.

Hayward's mother stated she had done all she could for her lad, but he was a very bad boy, and it transpired that only on Thursday he was ordered a birching for being concerned in stealing moneys from a church collecting-box.

Chamberlain was also concerned in the matter, but on account of his age and size he was not charged.

They had broken into another church and into several houses. At one they pulled the water-pipes down and flooded the house, and at another set fire to some paper and the fire brigade was called to extinguish the flames.

Both boys were committed to an industrial school till sixteen.

WHITSUN HOLIDAYS ABROAD.

Continental Travellers should not forget to ask for the Continental "Daily Mail" everywhere.

SCREENS FOR THE TEST MATCHES.

How Inconsiderate Spectators May
Unthinkingly Cost Batsmen
Their Wickets.

JESSOP AT NOTTINGHAM.

By F. B. WILSON.

(Last Year's Cambridge Captain.)

The question of the advisability and possibility of adopting the Australian suggestion that screens, at both ends, should be used during Test matches is one that has aroused much interest, and caused much discussion among the keen followers of the game.

"Even with screens," says Jessop in the "Evening News," "it is not easy to obtain a good sight of the ball when first going in, but without these indispensable adjuncts the first few minutes of one's innings becomes more or less of a lottery."

Possibly G. L. J. slightly exaggerates from the point of view of the ordinary batsman the obvious vein of truth that runs through the above sentence. From his own standpoint he is doubtless right. This sounds as if I were casting aspersions on Jessop's abilities as a batsman. What is meant is this. The ordinary player in a Test match—the ordinary English player, at any rate—is content to play his first few overs without much regard to scoring, his object being to get a good sight of the ball. Jessop, on the other hand, generally starts with at least one run, just for luck.

JESSOP'S "EXECRABLE STROKE."

In the last and first Test match Jessop was out first ball to "an execrable stroke" as some of the critics were good enough to observe. Of course, the criticism was grossly unfair. Laver was bowling extraordinarily well, and tying all our batsmen in a knot.

Jessop decided, quite rightly, that he needed hitting. He went for the first ball, making a half-cow-shot, a peculiar stroke of his own that has yielded him probably over a thousand runs in first-class cricket. That ball was Laver's slow one, a ball that Laver "holds back" in the cleverest manner, and which drops a full yard shorter than it looks like doing when it leaves his hand. The ball is tossed up high.

WHY SCREENS ARE NECESSARY.

Now, Laver was bowling with rows of people in different coloured clothes, who were, on the average, on the dark side. Above these spectators the stand was painted a light yellow. The ball got on to the excellent yellow background, and then dropped sharply into the spectators. Result: Jessop lost his wicket and was made the subject of much unfavourable criticism.

With a high white screen it is a horse to a hen that Jessop would have hit the ball into the crowd, and then, instead of the nonsense promulgated so freely, it would have been "That's old Jessop," "Hooray for Gilbert," "Bravo, do it again," etc.

It is easy to see the ball at Lord's from the Nursery end, where the screens are high and broad. From the pavilion end it is rather an "acquired taste." Then, again, the spectators are apt to move behind the bowler's arm for a variety of reasons.

A spectator plumb behind the wicket has been known to open and shut an evening paper while the ball is in the air. One may get up and go in for tea; another turn round sharply to welcome a friend; another to wave, a friendly greeting; another to suddenly render a tall-bat; even a match lit at the critical moment may lose a valuable wicket.

MEMBERS' PRIVILEGES.

The objection to screens at the pavilion end is that they would shut off the view of the play from a lot of members who take a keen interest in the game, and who are entitled, as members of the club, to a good point of vantage to watch the match.

It is to be hoped that, for these reasons already mentioned and one or two others, the question of screens will be treated with the grave consideration which it demands. If it is debated, I believe that the committee will decide in favour of screens.

Should they not do so, however, it may be taken for granted that expert opinion and sportsman-like consideration for our visitors as well as ourselves will be employed by the exceptionally able body to whom the task of solving such difficult problems is delegated.

F. B. WILSON.

[Cricket scores and other news appear on page 14.]

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

When acquitted of a charge of false pretences at Dublin a man promised to send the Irish Lord Chief Justice, before whom he was tried, the best pair of ferrets he had.

Light motor-vans have been introduced in the Newcastle district for the delivery of parcels by the North-Eastern Railway.

There were thirty-three cases of smallpox in the Infectious Diseases Hospital at Derby yesterday. One death has already taken place.

Mr. H. B. H. Hamilton has been selected by the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster to succeed Judge Coventry on County Court Circuit 4.

No water was obtainable when a fire broke out on the premises of the Star Foundry Company, Blyth, Northumberland, on Saturday, and in forty minutes £10,500 damage was caused.

Giving evidence in a collision case at Yarmouth County Court, a witness said the ship took charge of the captain, and nearly sent a wherry into the cellar—i.e., the bottom of the river.

Convicted at Mildenhall, Suffolk, of the wrongful possession of 426 game eggs, James Griggs was fined 2s. per egg, a penalty totalling £42 12s. In addition, there were costs of £17s. 6d.

Nearly five thousand sparrows have been killed by the sparrow clubs at Acton, Edwardstone, and Walsingham (Suffolk) this season.

Tonbridge Urban District Council are giving a free supply of electric light during June, July, and August to new customers.

"This is your last turn," said Mr. William Farrell to some bowlers in Jarro Park, Newcastle, and the next instant he fell forward, expiring suddenly.

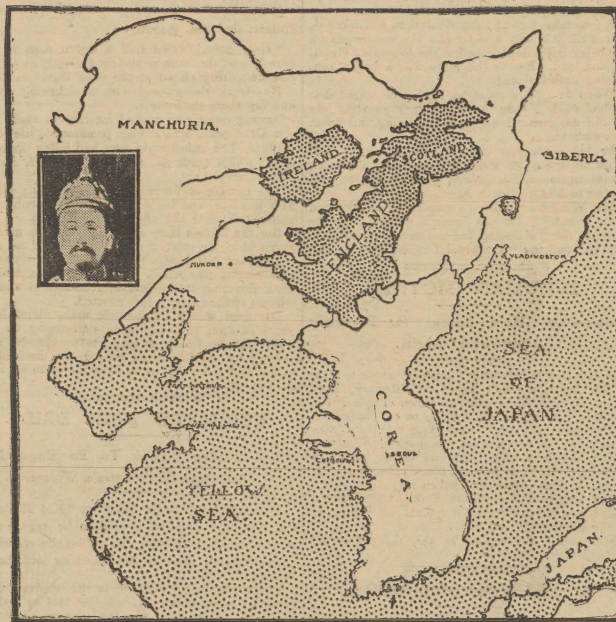
The Holt Line steamship Beshaw went ashore in the Mersey on Saturday and completely blocked the entrance to Garston new docks. The vessel's back is broken.

Acquired by the War Office for Army purposes, the large hall in which the Torrey-Alexander mission meetings were conducted at Brixton will shortly be removed to Aldershot.

Sixty guineas has been paid for an exquisite little oil-painting, supposed to be by Sidney Cooper, found at Southborough (Kent), in a cupboard which had been locked for half a century.

Fifty Canadians will visit Dudley at the end of the month to make an inspection of the ancient castle and its ruins. The Earl of Dudley has promised to entertain them at dinner in the courtyard.

MANCHURIA AND KOREA TO BE JAPANESE.



The chances are that the peace terms demanded by the Japanese will be the cession of Manchuria to the Mikado. Manchuria has an area three times as great as the British Isles. Korea may be placed under Japanese suzerainty. It is only four times as big as England. A photograph of the King of Korea appears above.

Two cats with kittens have brought up a litter of young wild rabbits at Reed's Farm, Capel, Kent.

One of the most valuable fruit districts in the country will be opened up by the new railway, twelve miles long, between Maidstone and Headcorn, the construction of which has been sanctioned by the Light Railway Commissioners.

Fined at Dudley for soliciting alms, a man named Blockside was stated to have an income of £1 per week, whilst the house he lived in was worth a weekly rental of about seven shillings.

Aged nine, Alfred Henry, who appeared at the Newcastle Police Court on Saturday charged with stealing a horse and cart which he found unattended in the street, was sent to an industrial school. He had driven eight miles into the country with the trap.

Trooper Albert Peppercorn, of the Northants Imperial Yeomanry, met with a shocking death whilst exercising his horse at Althorp Camp on Saturday. The animal bolted, and Peppercorn's head came in contact with a tree. His skull was fractured, death being instantaneous.

Mechanical stoking has now superseded hand stoking at the Leeds gasworks.

Sanction has been given by the Local Government Board to a new sewage scheme for Maidenhead, to cost £90,000.

During the luncheon interval of the Eton v. Liverpool cricket match on Saturday, at Eton, someone entered the dressing-room of the pavilion and stole a gold presentation watch and money belonging to Mr. J. J. Astor, son of Mr. W. W. Astor.

Arthur Devereux, who is charged with the murder of his wife and two children in connection with what is known as "the trunk mystery," will come up for trial before Mr. Justice Grantham at the sessions which begin at the Central Criminal Court on June 26.

Mr. Rose, the Tower Bridge magistrate, writes acknowledging the receipt of postal orders for 15s. and 2s. 6d. kindly forwarded by *Daily Mirror* readers on behalf of a poor woman who was fined for keeping two of her children at home on alternate days to look after the baby. The money has been handed to her.

AMAZING SWINDLES.

Son of a Hatter Provides the Latest
Parisian Sensation.

MANY SHAM TITLES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Saturday.—Since the days of Mme. Humbert Parisians have not enjoyed so great a sensation as that afforded during the week by the pseudo aristocrat, Massa, really the son of a hatter, and his confederates in sin.

Upon the boulevards and in the cafés to-day people read with zest the latest details of the lives of the "Marquis" Massa-Mulspina, "Countess" de Chatillon, and M. Pelletier de Ruelle, who are now commencing various terms of imprisonment.

Two years ago, Massa, a handsome youth, met the rich Countess Kufstein in Russia. He fascinated her, and spirited her away to her castle in Brittany. The "Marquis," as he was known to the simple Breton peasants and fishermen, entered into the life of the district.

He presented a banner to the church, dispensed large charity (out of the Countess's money) to the fishermen, and made himself so popular that he was invited to become local candidate for the Chamber of Deputies. Here came his fall, for his opponents turned back some of the pages of his life, and Massa was obliged to flee to Paris.

A year later the "Marquis" married. Charmed by his manners, a young lady of wealth looked kindly upon him, fell in love with him, and on the marriage eve settled the whole of her dot upon the protesting lover.

YOUNG BRIDE'S MYSTERIOUS DEATH.

A few months later she died, and broken-hearted, the widower sought consolation in the sympathies of his mother-in-law. Almost these sympathies became very practical, for the lady, Mme. Cailliet, considered making Massa her heir.

In 1902 he married again, but with the same unfortunate consequences. His wife died shortly after the marriage.

Through the second mother-in-law Massa was brought into contact with Mme. Simonnet, "Countess de Chatillon."

"The Countess" was a beautiful woman, acquainted with the arts of attraction, and Massa recognised her value.

"We two, cherie," he ardently assured her, "will build up a great fortune."

She adored the handsome hatter, became his slave and obeyed him to his most capricious wish.

"You must have a salon," he told her; "you must entertain where money flows." So an apartment, magnificent in the extreme, was rented near the Bois, and speedily the "Countess" became the fashion among the young and gilded Parisians. Among the men the "Countess" attracted were Pelletier de Ruelle, a young barrister, with a fortune of £12,000, and M. Monthiers, an older man of great wealth.

De Ruelle the "Countess" ruined, and broken and hopeless, he joined himself to the ignoble couple.

Upon M. Monthiers she exercised her finest art. He lavished jewellery and presents upon her, and then insisted that she accept a monthly "present" of £200.

LADY'S CONVENIENT MEMORY.

But the wealthy M. Monthiers died, and Massa was desolate.

"Surely," he said, "he promised you a little something in his will."

The "Countess" discovered a dormant memory and recalled that the wealthy Parisian had vowed she should have £32,000 upon his death.

This was the dead man's wish, she declared, and, aided by the legal mind of Pelletier de Ruelle, they drew up and forged a post-mortem I O U for £32,000.

But M. Harvard and his detectives were too much for the three. Investigations preceded an arrest, and the "aristocrats" frowned upon the world from the criminal dock.

They brought witnesses who unfolded tales good and bad about them.

"Wretch and knave," two of Massa's brothers shrieked over a small difference of opinion on a point of evidence, and other fierce epithets flew from dock to witness-box.

Towards the close of the trial on Friday the prison door seemed to be slowly and surely shutting upon the three. The "Countess" became hysterical and fainted, and later the handsome Massa swooned against a small dock rail. But to no avail.

After two hours of deliberation the jury decided that the three were swindlers, and the Judge consigned the cringing "Marquis," who pleaded for mercy because of his "dear mother," to eight years' imprisonment, Pelletier to two years, and Mme. Simonnet to fifteen months.

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"O. K." SAUCE MONDAY!
"O. K." SAUCE COLD MEAT DAY!!
"O. K." SAUCE But all good housewives
"O. K." SAUCE know that the cold joint
"O. K." SAUCE is made attractive with
"O. K." SAUCE Mason's "O. K." Sauce.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, JUNE 12, 1905.

THE REAL REASON.

MANY who are taking one of their rare holidays to-day must have been inclined last week to envy the young King of Spain, and to think of his life as being one long round of amusement and gaiety. Certainly he seemed to enjoy himself in London. He would have been an unnatural boy of nineteen if he had not. But then London was really his holiday.

He will be back in Madrid to-day with just the same feelings as those with which you will return to work to-morrow. A pleasant time is over, and you wish it had been a little longer, but you quite realise with Shakespeare that—

If all the world were playing holiday,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.

To Kings just as much as to meander folk applies the succeeding maxim that only—
When they seldom come, they wished-for come.

Then, too, the perpetual fuss made about royalty must grow very wearisome. Great Persons can never, or scarcely ever, get a real holiday, which implies a complete change from the habits of every-day life. Often they must long to get away from the shouting and the tumult, the bunting and the bands, the ubiquitous escort and the everlasting National Hymn.

One cannot help wondering whether it does not sometimes strike them that the universe has gone mad. Take King Alfonso's case. Here is a boy (not specially strong or intelligent, or specially anything), who, because he happens to be born of certain parents, becomes an object of universal interest. Directly he sets foot in a foreign country the whole population tosses up its hats, runs about after his carriage, cheers itself hoarse for him. Masses of troops parade, gala performances are given in his honour. Everything possible is done to interest and entertain him.

One could understand all this being done for a monarch like our own King Edward, who has proved his worth by long years of conscientious work, or in the case of any man who has done signal service to the State. It is natural that President Loubet should be made much of, for he has won his high position by his own exertions and integrity. But, surely, if King Alfonso thought calmly about it, he would have the feeling that it must be a mad world, my masters.

Unless, indeed, he got a little nearer the heart of the matter and found the real reason, which is, of course, that he was to us merely a figure-head, a delegate, the representative of a people to whom we wished to testify our good-will. We could not invite the whole Spanish nation over, but we knew they would feel that by honouring King Alfonso we were, in effect, paying them a compliment.

Kings have thus a very useful part still to play, and when they play it with the tact and good-fellowship of King Edward, or with such an unaffected desire to do the right thing as King Alfonso showed, they deserve as well of their country as any public man could.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

How many may we observe, even of the gentler sex, who, without conviction of doing much wrong, in the midst of a full career of calumny and defamation, rise at the stroke of the stated hour of prayer, leave the cruel story half untold till they return, and thank God that his holy spirit had enabled them to perform the duties of the day in so Christian and conscientious a manner.—*Laurence Sterne* (1713-1793).

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THIS is to be a very busy week at Windsor for the King and the Royal Family, who are taking the keenest interest in the preparations for the wedding of Princess Margaret of Connaught on Thursday. Those preparations are now practically completed, and all the special invitations have been issued. Those invited are to leave Paddington by a special train, which starts at 10.45, and are to return in the afternoon at about four o'clock. The ceremonies will not be unusually lengthy, therefore, but they are to be as picturesque as rain and the gloom of an English June will permit.

The Duke of Connaught will, of course, give his daughter away. After leaving St. George's Chapel, the royal party will return through the state entrance of the Castle to the White Drawing-room, where the rather trying but inevitable process of signing names, general embracements, and mutual congratulations will be performed. Then comes lunch (in the state dining-room for the royals, in St. George's Hall for the other guests), the toasts given by the Lord Steward, farewells, and departure. I hear that gentlemen are to appear in evening dress, which seems a pity. Even a Duke may resemble a waiter if he wear evening dress in the daylight.

It is Major-General Sir Alfred Turner who is to inspect the London Diocesan Church Lads' Brigade.

It must have been an amusing experience for Miss Dorothy Grimston to appear with Mme. Réjane in a French company of actors. She appears to have enjoyed it immensely, for I hear that she has arranged to take a part in one of the plays which Mme. Jeanne Granier is bringing over to London. Mme. Réjane's opening performance takes place on the same night as the last performance in which Miss Grimston plays with Mme. Réjane. She will therefore have to leave one theatre and hurry to the other, with scarcely any time to change her dress. Miss Grimston is married to the Mr. Mayer who manages so many of the French play seasons. So she has an opportunity of meeting all the French actors who come to London.

To-night Mme. Réjane is to revive Sardou's eternal, everlasting "Madame Sans-Gêne." I hear amusing stories about the rehearsals for this play. The chorus and those who "walk on" are mainly English people, regarding French, I need hardly say, as a kind of monkey language designed to irritate the Anglo-Saxon. Mme. Réjane makes long speeches to them in rapid French, and they fail to understand a syllable. On Friday, after many efforts, the great actress remarked in despair to Miss Grimston, "My dear, manage the chorus for me," and departed to see Signora Duse as the Innkeeper. This part she intends to play herself in a few days, and I noticed that she was studying Duse's rendering of it very carefully, book in hand.

WHAT PRICE WILL JAPAN ASK FOR PEACE?



It is for the Mikado to name the terms. The Tsar wants the dove and he has the wherewithal to buy it, but how long will it take for them to come to terms?

at Hatfield Park to-day, though it had been arranged at first, I think, that Lieutenant-General Moncreff should do so. Sir Alfred Turner is one of the most popular officers in the Army, and even before he reached his high position he had found the secret of making everybody like him. When he was Private Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in the troubled days of 1881, it was said that a plot had been hatched amongst a certain class of Irish desperadoes to slay every official in the Castle at Dublin. When the documents of the conspirators were discovered it was found that the name of Major Turner (as he was then) had been set aside to be spared—because he was "such a polite gentleman."

Certainly there is nothing of the tyrant in the man who could do what Sir Alfred did during the struggle in Egypt against the Mahdists, years ago. When Dongola was evacuated he waited in the town until the 13,000 Egyptian refugees, who would inevitably have been massacred had they waited until the Mahdists reached the place, had marched out of it. Out they went, a pitiable, trembling throng, and bringing up the rear, quietly smoking a cigarette, indifferent to the danger of assassination by some Mahdist fanatic, came Sir Alfred Turner, like a benignant shepherd driving his sheep before him.

The serious illness of "Redan Massy" to give Lieutenant-General Dunham Massy the name by which he is best known, will cause great concern to all his friends and admirers in the Army. He gained his familiar name at the assault on the Redan in the Crimean war. He was terribly wounded during the attack, his left thigh being completely shattered, and was left on the field to fall into the hands of the Russians. The night after the battle he was found, but believed to be mortally wounded, and accordingly left for hours more to suffer in silence. Then he was confined to his camp stretcher during six months. His patient endurance of pain was specially commended in the dispatches.

Lady Selborne, who has just left England to help her husband in his new duties as High Commissioner in South Africa, was married twenty-two years ago, and hers was entirely a love match, which has turned out an ideal marriage. The wedding of this clever daughter of the late Lord Salisbury was attended by all the political celebrities of the moment, by Mr. Gladstone, who is said to have made a speech in "words fit and few" (but probably very long) after the wedding breakfast. It is curious to remember, by the way, that Lord Selborne (who was then Lord Wolmer) was at that time a political opponent of his father-in-law, Lord Salisbury.

THE MAN OF THE MOMENT.

President Roosevelt, Who Has Made the Opening of Peace Negotiations Possible.

Before everything else he is a man of action. Where diplomatists of the old school might have waited and hinted for months, and even years, he has—to use an expression of his own country—"buted in." He saw that now was the time for peace, and without waiting to examine precedent set to work to bring it about by telegraphing to both parties in the dispute. And with characteristic directness he specially suggested that the negotiations should be between the adversaries themselves without the intervention of a third party. Third parties waste time, and this is not an occasion for delay.

He always has been given to think and act together. It is that which makes him such a "common-sense" statesman. Some statesmen act first and think afterwards, like the Kaiser, Others think and then do not act until it is too late, like, for instance, the leader of our own Opposition. It was his rapidity of thought and action which made Roosevelt a good cowboy, just as it has made him a good President. He showed it when he made his appearance as a "terdent" in the rough society of the West.

A big bully with two revolvers and a threatening manner called on the "terdent" to stand drinks round, and enforced the order with an exhibition of fancy revolver-shooting. Roosevelt took it all calmly. He waited till the man had finished his display, got up as though to yield, and knocked the bully down. That made the future President's name among the rough characters of the West.

The epithet which describes him best of all is very hackneyed now; he is strenuous. When he left the West for a Government life, it was this strenuousness which attracted notice. Everything he did he did with all his heart. When he was a very junior naval secretary, at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, he found that, his chief being a leading light of a peace society, there was no powder for the fleet. He only just got it on board in time—and then by superhuman work. As it was, Admiral Dewey was very short of powder at Manila. Then, too, when he led his roughriders into battle, he led them with a dash which captured the hearts of the American people.

Every day they hear some new story of his athletic, dashing ways. At the recent inauguration ceremony they were delighted to hear him shout to his old friends among the cowboys who took part in the procession. His Homeric laughter when one of them lassoed a policeman, his delight when one of them shook him by the hand with the remark, "Teddy, I would not have missed this for all the money from hell to Texas," appealed to the American sense of both the humorous and the "fit."

"Race Suicide" is perhaps his favourite target for tilting purposes. Child marriage and divorce are the constant butt of his denunciation. In this, too, he has the support of the great majority of the American people. And the way in which he has brought up his own family has appealed strongly to their democratic instinct. A visitor at the house of one of young Archie Roosevelt's schoolfellows met Archie there. Archie attends a public school, and the visitor asked whether he did not find that many of the boys were rough and common. Archie at once showed his training. "Dad says," he answered, "that there are tall boys and short boys, good boys and bad boys, and that that's the only kind of boys there are."

He has been accused of being a firebrand, but he is not in reality. In fact, an anecdote which created great amusement and also a certain amount of satisfaction in every European Foreign Office, puts quite a different light upon his political position. The President of the American Republic is prohibited from leaving the country during his term of office. So, when President Roosevelt had moved into the White House, someone said "War" to him. "War," retorted the new President, "War? And me cooped up here? Well, I guess not!"

IN MY GARDEN.

JUNE 11.—To fully appreciate the beauties of bounteous June one must examine a photograph of the garden taken in the depth of winter. How extraordinary the beds look—flat, cold, unprofitable. And the trees! Why these dark leafy bowers were then "bare ruined choirs," through which the icy wind whistled. That popular shrub the weigela is now a mass of wonderful rose. Snowball trees, very pretty and graceful, are in full bloom.

Next to the peonies, no flowers are to-day more striking than the gay lupins. As blossoms are also quickly opening on the veronicas, blue is by no means absent from the garden. E. F. T.

LONDON'S SEASON.

This feature will be found to-day on page 10.



Prospects of Peace:



Famous Men and Incidents

THE MIKADO.



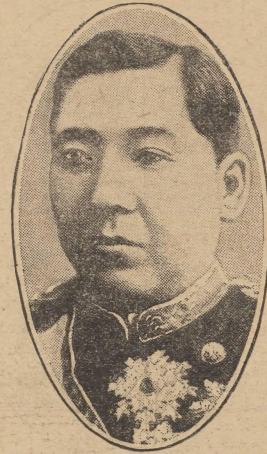
To whose "illustrious virtues" the winning Japanese generals and admirals attribute their victories.

HORRORS OF BATTLE.



A glimpse of the dead. The loss of life in the war has been huge, the sufferings of the wounded terrible. Neither side has spared the blood of its soldiers.

MARSHAL OYAMA,



Whose plans led to the ignominious defeats of the Russian army. He has checkmated the Tsar's Generals at every point.

DESTROYED



At Port Arthur, now Japan's battle and partially destroyed pairing some

"HUSTLING" KING OF SPAIN LEAVES ENGLAND.



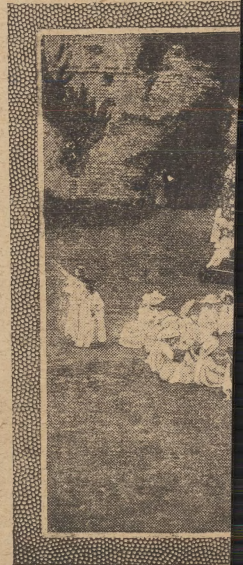
The first photograph shows him driving to Victoria Station with King Edward on Saturday. The second depicts him leaving Dover. Note his long stride. He raced through London more quickly even than an American tourist.



HOW RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE



VIEWS OF THE GREAT SHERBOROUGH



BUOY THAT FLOATS OVER THE SUNKEN SUBMARINE.

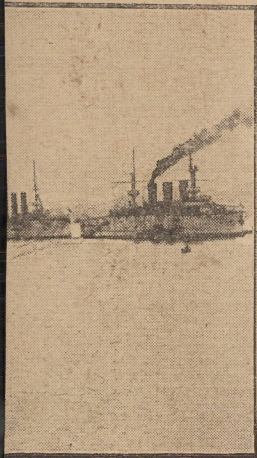


Fourteen brave sailors are confined in submarine A8 at Plymouth. One of the fifteen bodies has been recovered. In the top corner are the three white mice, carried on every submarine. They detect the presence of the dangerous petrol gas.

ts in the War Between Japan and Russia.



RUSSIAN FLEET



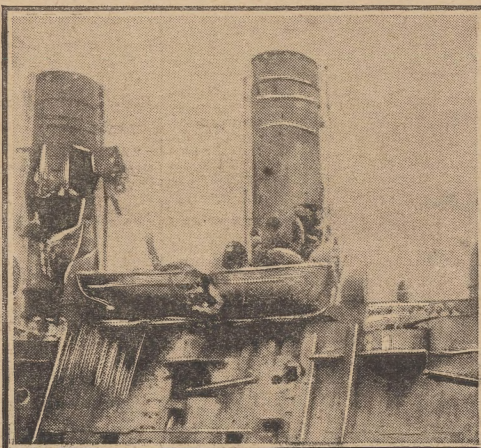
territory. The ships were beaten in by Admiral Togo, who is now re- them to add to his navy.

GENERAL LINIEVITCH,



Russian Commander in Manchuria, outmaneuvered by the Japanese. He excels in writing plausible dispatches to the Tsar.

BATTERED RUSSIAN WARSHIP.



Whenever the Japanese have met the Russians at sea, the latter have been beaten. This shows how the Japanese Admiral Togo treated one of the Tsar's finest cruisers.

TSAR OF RUSSIA.



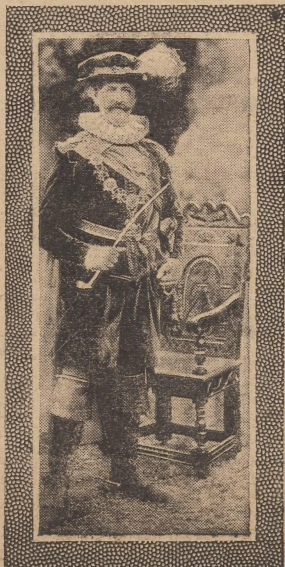
The weakling ruler of a fine nation. His incapacity and conceit have cost Russia thousands of lives and millions in gold.

OLDIERS FOUGHT IN THE TRENCHES.

(Keystone View Co.)



PAGEANT WHICH BEGINS TO-MORROW.



A WET AND GLOOMY WHITSUNTIDE.



Damp crowds at Liverpool-street Station. The "rush" on the Margate boat.

LONDON'S SEASON.

Movements and Doings, Gossip and Arrangements Concerning Well-Known People.

People are very busy completing their Ascot parties—though most of them are formed. The Duke and Duchess of Newcastle will have a party that includes Mr. and Lady Noreen Bass. Lord and Lady Edward Spencer Churchill will be at Queensmeade, Windsor, and will have a few friends staying with them. Lord and Lady Alington, who are at present in Paris, will return just before the races, and have taken a house for the week, but Lady Alington herself will not go racing owing to her deep mourning.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Drexel, who have leased a beautiful place near Ascot, will have a large party, and so will Mr. and Mrs. George Cavendish Bentinck, whose guests are to include the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe and Mrs. Ogden Mills and her daughter. Mrs. Adair, who is now living for the summer months at Englefield Green, will have an Ascot party, and there are many others in the course of formation.

There will be a big reception at Devonshire House on the 17th of the present month, after the wedding of Mr. Stanley and Lady Alexandra Acheson, and a dinner-party in honour of the event will be given on the previous night. The Queen, who is godmother to Lady Alexandra Acheson, is likely to attend the wedding.

The announcement that has been made to the effect that Lord Hugh Grosvenor will be married to Lady Mabel Crichton this summer is incorrect. The marriage will not take place until next spring or summer.

Lord and Lady Chylesmore are passing the holidays at Hughenden Manor, Bucks, but come back to Prince's-gate at the end of the week. During the summer they intend giving one or two garden parties at Hughenden. Lord Chylesmore being Mayor of Westminster has to do a certain amount of entertaining, and it was thought that the country would be pleasanter than London for the purpose.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

IDLE CLERGY.

It rather depends upon what one calls idleness whether a large proportion of the clergy are to be called idle or not.

I know one clergyman who spends from four to five hours a day four days a week in making a new translation of classical works. As there are already a number of excellent translations in existence, his work is useless, and he might much better spend his time in organising a boys' club in his parish. He looks upon himself as hard worked. I call him idle. C. W. S.

Maidenhead.

POSTCARD RED-TAPE.

"X. Y. Z." is lucky in only having had to pay one 3d. for a postcard from Paris. During the last week I have paid 1s. 9d. Of these postcards only one bore "the microscopic legend" which prohibits all writing but the address on the front when sent abroad. Four were divided into two parts by a line. One division was headed "Portion for correspondence," the other "Address to which sent."

The fault in this case obviously lies with the publisher of the postcard, who omits the warning. But who should pay the 3d.? That is a question for the Postmaster-General.

F. ST. JOHN CORBETT.

The Rectory, St. George's-in-the-East.

DATES OF BANK HOLIDAYS.

With the prospect of a wet Whit Monday, it occurs to me that we really ought to be able to put off Bank Holidays when they fall in a season of persistently bad weather.

Parliament could easily have decreed on Thursday that the holiday should be postponed for a week to give the elements a chance of settling down. A bad Bank Holiday is really a disaster to millions of people. S. FIGUERA.

Holland Park, W.

NEW MATERIAL FOR ROADS.

If the inventor you mentioned in your leading article on Saturday can really make roads quite hard and dustless, he will be a benefactor to motorists, but it will be very rough on horses. Their hoofs, even with iron shoes over them, were not meant to "hammer, hammer, hammer on the 'ard 'igh-road." If, to wood pavements in town, stone roads in the country are to be added, the horse's lot will be a hard one indeed.

STILL A HORSE-OWNER.

The Thicket, Addlestone, Surrey.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL MAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

JOE MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

SIR TATTON TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet, whose horse, King Daffodil, was expected to win the Derby.

B. S. VOGEL: A money king and an unscrupulous owner, whose horse, The Devil, won the great race.

DOLORES ST. MERTON: A fascinating grass widow in the power of Vogel. (She is really a Mrs. Hilary.)

ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman jockey, who rode King Daffodil in the Derby.

BILLY: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"Arthur, my boy, you don't know what you're saying," Sir Tatton said gently, advancing and linking his arm in Merrick's. "You're excited, hysterical—and you're talking nonsense."

"It's the truth, Sir Tatton; God help me. It's no use trying to shut your eyes to it; it's no use trying to find excuses for me; Dolores has told you. She is not ill or hysterical. I loved her, but she was in Vogel's power, and there was only one way to save her—to let The Devil win."

"Hush—for heaven's sake," groaned Sir Tatton, letting go of Arthur's arm and sinking into a chair.

"At first I refused; the notion was preposterous. But still the idea remained with me—would not leave me for a single instant. I thought of it by day, dreamed of it by night. It resolved itself into the question: Should I sacrifice the woman I loved, or the horse—and honour?"

"We tried to outwit Vogel in every possible way. It was no good, and one day the climax was reached; I was forced to write a letter to him telling him that I thought his horse would win."

Merrick ceased speaking; he looked round with a curious, tired smile on his face to see the effect of his words.

But every face save Dolores's was hidden; not one of those three who loved and trusted him dared look at him now. Even Billy had turned his sightless eyes to the wall. Only Dolores stood by his side, her hand on his shoulder, her eyes on his face—the woman who had wrecked his life, who was waiting to share his shame.

"Go on, Arthur," she whispered.

"He has said enough," choked Sir Tatton, lifting his hands as if to ward off further awful words that had struck and wounded him like leaden

bullets. "He has said enough—enough vile things have been said and done; but they're all lies," he cried wildly. "Won't someone get up and contradict him. He doesn't know what he's saying. Isn't there anyone to choke the lie out of my boy's throat?"

He looked up then, looked around the darkened room at the bent and silent figures, with sad grey eyes wherein hope slowly expired.

"Lyn—Lyn, dearie, tell me it isn't true, tell Arthur it isn't true—it's a mistake, he's fooling us—what I've heard are the delirious ravings of a sick man. Tell me so, Lyn; you know it's so, you whom I thought he loved best."

"Oh, don't, Sir Tatton—don't," Lyndal sobbed, coming to his side and falling on her knees before him and burying her face in his lap.

"Hush," said Joe Marvis sternly. "He never loved my girl, Sir Tatton, and now I can say thank God for that. If he had loved her and done this thing, I'd have shot him like a dog!"

And from the corner by the door echoed faintly a strange human croaking "Amen."

"Go on, Arthur," Dolores said steadily. Her hand slipped from his shoulder down his arm until it found and held his hand; and so together they faced the condemning figures in the darkness.

"After I had sent that letter I thought it was all over. I knew King Daffodil couldn't win. I knew I couldn't give up Dolores—to a hell on earth. Rather than that I thought I'd go into hell myself, thought I'd lie—cheat—deceive you all!"

"I thought that, until the day arrived and I came to my senses in the paddock—half an hour before the race. Until the saddling bell rang I had only thought I loved Dolores, then I knew I loved her, and it was that which made me realise how mad and vile a thing I had been tempted to do. I knew she had been right when she had begged me give her up rather than dream of losing the race."

"I found her in the paddock, and told her before I weighed-in what I was going to do—that I was going to win."

"It was a pity you altered your mind," Sir Tatton said in a voice of iron.

Dolores turned on him like a flash.

"He did not alter his mind. He rode your horse to win. He couldn't do otherwise, I knew that, even when he was mad enough to think he could for my sake. I knew when the moment came that he might fail me, but never his duty, his honour—whatever you call it. He rode to win, his heart and soul were in winning. Would he be here telling you this if it were not so?"

"Do you expect us to take your word," Sir Tatton said cuttingly, "you, who confess to first

(Continued on page 11.)



SAMPLE BOTTLE SENT GRATIS.

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This Coupon to be filled in and sent with three penny stamps (to cover cost of postage) to COLEMAN AND CO., LTD., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, marking envelope "COUPON."

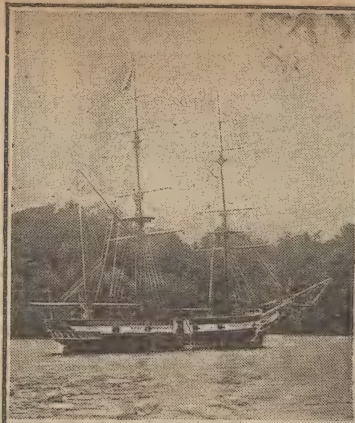
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A CHAMPION LADY SWIMMER.



Miss Annette Kellermann, who has come from Australia to break some of our swimming records. Photographed at her training quarters, Kew Bridge.

PRINCE "EDDY'S" BRIG.



The man-of-war built for the Prince of Wales's son and placed on Virginia Water now has her masts up, and is ready for action.

MR. JAMES BRAID,



Who for the second time won an open golf championship. Match was at St. Andrews.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB REGATTA.



The White Heather rounding the Mouse lightship in a good breeze.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

tempting him? I suppose you were the lure Vogel baited the golden hook with, eh? How much did Vogel pay you? What was the price? Don't tell me it wasn't a big one; don't tell me that my adopted son was willing to sell his father's honour and ambition and love for a paltry thousand or two."

Dolores turned her head away. "The price was her happiness, her life," Merrick said quietly. "That was the bait, as you call it. But nothing could buy"—the words stuck in his throat, he could not say them. "Oh, I know it's hard to believe," he cried, "because I've told you the truth and nothing but the truth you won't believe me; because I confess to having been tempted you believe I fell—but I didn't. I rode to win—that's all I've got to say. I didn't win—and I not only lost for you all, I lost all for her, all for myself."

"And you say that you're speaking the truth," Sir Tatton whispered, rising and looking Merrick straight in the face. "It's the truth, Arthur?"

"Yes, the truth."

"Can you give me proof?" he groaned.

"No." "You have no proof," he cried, "and yet you ask me to believe the impossible. The proof you do possess is here," and he pointed a condemning finger at Dolores. "It was to save her, you say, you—you promised to pull my horse. To save her from what?"

"I can't tell you that."

Sir Tatton laughed then, and for the first time Lyndal looked at Arthur and spoke to him.

"Tell them, Arthur," she said softly. "His white face flushed scarlet at the sound of her voice, and for a moment he was on the point of breaking down."

"Lyndal," he groaned. "Lyndal—you've heard everything, too. Do you believe me?"

Her answer was a long time coming.

"I believe you did not mean to—pull The King," she said at last.

"You mean," he cried hopelessly, "you believe I cheated. Yes, don't say a word more. No one believes me"—he looked from one grey figure to another—"no one believes me."

"You have brought proof of your guilt," said Sir Tatton again. "The woman you have saved is here, she is standing beside you, she has come to pay you—to pay you, sir. I suppose Vogel sent you, you came from his house. Answer me."

Dolores bowed her head.

"Yes, I have come straight from his house." "Ah!" Sir Tatton snorted like a war-horse charging into the thick of the fight. He had, for the moment at any rate, recovered from the first great shock of treachery on the part of the boy he had loved and dedicated his life to: the reaction set in, a reaction that saved him from brooding over the wreckage of his life's ambitions.

"Ah! And you've been paid no doubt for your part in the business," Vogel has paid you, eh?"

"Yes, he paid me."

"The amount? May we have that? May I know the value placed on my trust, on my love, on my honour?"

"I can't tell you that," Dolores said quietly, turning her wonderful eyes on Sir Tatton, with just a gleam of triumph in them. "I can't tell you that."

WHAT TO READ TO-DAY.

'Answers,' 'Home Chat,'
'Country-Side,'
'Pictorial Magazine.'

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(Continued on page 13.)

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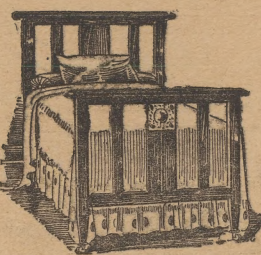
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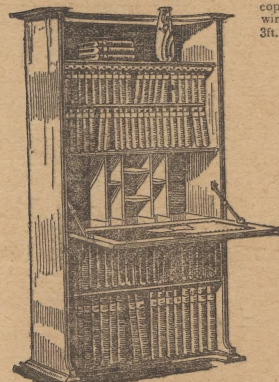
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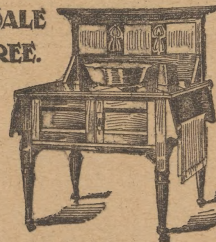
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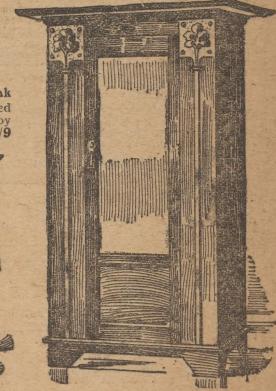
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